

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, U. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public, Office 33 Second Street, near Euclid's jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

GERMAN DEPOSIT BANK, Hotel Conrad Block, Massillon, O. In promissory notes, manufacturers' scrip and exchange. Collections made in all cities and towns in the United States. P. G. ALBRIGHT, Cashier.

UNITED NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio, J. H. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Erie Street, Massillon, Ohio. \$100,000 Capital, S. H. Hunt, President; C. Stoeck, Cashier.

DRUGGISTS.

Z. T. BAILEY, dealer in Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, Stationery and Blank Books, Opera House Massillon, Ohio.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homoeopathic Physician, Office 33 Second Street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTURERS.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse power, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Corns & Son, Proprietors, manufactures of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Planks, etc.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO., Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

GROCERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832 Waterbury and Commercial Merchants and Grocers in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc., No. 5 South Erie street.

Traveler's Register

Trains leave and depart on standard time minutes slower than city time.

CLEVELAND, LORAIN & WHEELING SOUTH.

No. 41 (goes to Bellaire)..... 6:35 a. m.
No. 33 (goes to Wheeling)..... 10:35 a. m.
No. 31 (goes to Bellaire)..... 1:35 p. m.
No. 39 (goes to Wheeling)..... 3:35 p. m.

NORTH.

No. 34..... 6:35 a. m.
No. 36..... 10:35 a. m.
No. 38..... 1:35 p. m.
No. 42 (arrives at)..... 3:35 p. m.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE GOING TOWARD TOLEDO.

No. 4..... 6:35 a. m.
No. 6..... 10:35 a. m.
No. 8..... 1:35 p. m.
No. 10..... 3:35 p. m.

GOING TOWARD WHEELING.

No. 1 (daily)..... 6:35 a. m.
No. 3 (stops here)..... 10:35 a. m.
No. 5..... 1:35 p. m.
No. 7 (stops here)..... 3:35 p. m.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

MT. Vernon & Pan Handle Route at Orrville, Ohio.

No. 25, Exp., 2:45 a. m., No. 26, Exp., 11:15 a. m., No. 27, Exp., 2:45 p. m., No. 28, Exp., 3:37 p. m., No. 29, Exp., 3:09 p. m., No. 30, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 31, Exp., 7:45 a. m., No. 32, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 33, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 34, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 35, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 36, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 37, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 38, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 39, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 40, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 41, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 42, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 43, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 44, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 45, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 46, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 47, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 48, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 49, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 50, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 51, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 52, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 53, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 54, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 55, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 56, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 57, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 58, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 59, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 60, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 61, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 62, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 63, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 64, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 65, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 66, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 67, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 68, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 69, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 70, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 71, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 72, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 73, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 74, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 75, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 76, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 77, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 78, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 79, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 80, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 81, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 82, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 83, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 84, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 85, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 86, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 87, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 88, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 89, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 90, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 91, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 92, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 93, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 94, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 95, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 96, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 97, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 98, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 99, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 100, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 101, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 102, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 103, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 104, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 105, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 106, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 107, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 108, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 109, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 110, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 111, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 112, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 113, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 114, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 115, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 116, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 117, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 118, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 119, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 120, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 121, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 122, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 123, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 124, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 125, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 126, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 127, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 128, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 129, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 130, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 131, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 132, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 133, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 134, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 135, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 136, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 137, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 138, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 139, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 140, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 141, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 142, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 143, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 144, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 145, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 146, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 147, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 148, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 149, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 150, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 151, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 152, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 153, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 154, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 155, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 156, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 157, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 158, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 159, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 160, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 161, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 162, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 163, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 164, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 165, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 166, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 167, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 168, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 169, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 170, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 171, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 172, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 173, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 174, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 175, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 176, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 177, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 178, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 179, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 180, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 181, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 182, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 183, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 184, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 185, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 186, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 187, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 188, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 189, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 190, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 191, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 192, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 193, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 194, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 195, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 196, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 197, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 198, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 199, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 200, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 201, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 202, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 203, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 204, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 205, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 206, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 207, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 208, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 209, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 210, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 211, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 212, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 213, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 214, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 215, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 216, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 217, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 218, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 219, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 220, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 221, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 222, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 223, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 224, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 225, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 226, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 227, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 228, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 229, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 230, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 231, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 232, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 233, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 234, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 235, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 236, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 237, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 238, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 239, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 240, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 241, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 242, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 243, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 244, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 245, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 246, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 247, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 248, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 249, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 250, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 251, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 252, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 253, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 254, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 255, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 256, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 257, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 258, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 259, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 260, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 261, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 262, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 263, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 264, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 265, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 266, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 267, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 268, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 269, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 270, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 271, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 272, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 273, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 274, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 275, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 276, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 277, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 278, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 279, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 280, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 281, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 282, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 283, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 284, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 285, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 286, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 287, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 288, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 289, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 290, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 291, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 292, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 293, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 294, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 295, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 296, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 297, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 298, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 299, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 300, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 301, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 302, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 303, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 304, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 305, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 306, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 307, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 308, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 309, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 310, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 311, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 312, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 313, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 314, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 315, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 316, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 317, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 318, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 319, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 320, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 321, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 322, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 323, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 324, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 325, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 326, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 327, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 328, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 329, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 330, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 331, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 332, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 333, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 334, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 335, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 336, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 337, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 338, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 339, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 340, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 341, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 342, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 343, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 344, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 345, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 346, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 347, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 348, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 349, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 350, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 351, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 352, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 353, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 354, Exp., 7:30 a. 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391, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 392, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 393, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 394, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 395, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 396, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 397, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 398, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 399, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 400, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 401, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 402, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 403, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 404, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 405, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 406, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 407, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 408, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 409, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 410, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 411, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 412, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 413, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 414, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 415, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 416, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 417, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 418, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 419, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 420, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 421, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 422, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 423, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 424, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 425, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 426, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 427, Exp., 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m., No. 464, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 465, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 466, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 467, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 468, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 469, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 470, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 471, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 472, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 473, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 474, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 475, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 476, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 477, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 478, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 479, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 480, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 481, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 482, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 483, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 484, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 485, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 486, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 487, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 488, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 489, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 490, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 491, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 492, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 493, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 494, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 495, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 496, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 497, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 498, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 499, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 500, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 501, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 502, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 503, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 504, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 505, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 506, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 507, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 508, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 509, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 510, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 511, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 512, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 513, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 514, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 515, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 516, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 517, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 518, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 519, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 520, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 521, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 522, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 523, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 524, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 525, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 526, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 527, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 528, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 529, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 530, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 531, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 532, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 533, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 534, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 535, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 536, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 537, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 538, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 539, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 540, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 541, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 542, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 543, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 544, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 545, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 546, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 547, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 548, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 549, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 550, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 551, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 552, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 553, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 554, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 555, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 556, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 557, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 558, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 559, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 560, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 561, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 562, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 563, Exp., 10:40 a. m., No. 564, Exp., 7:30 a. m., No. 565

(CONTINUED.)

"You, ma'am, in a 7-tonner?"
"With a couple of Cornish lads for a crew. Oh, it was glorious! A fortnight right out in the open, with no worries, no letters, no callers, no petty thoughts, nothing but the grand works of God, the tossing sea and the great silent sky. They talk of riding—indeed I am fond of horses, too—but what is there to compare with the swoop of a little craft as she pitches down the long, steep side of a wave, and then the quiver and spring as she is tossed upward again? Oh, if our souls could transcend fate I'd be a seaman above all birds that fly! But I keep you, admiral. Adieu!"

The old sailor was too transported with sympathy to say a word. He could only shake her broad muscular hand. She was half way down the garden path before she heard him calling her and saw his grizzled head and weather stained face looking out from behind the curtains.

"You may put me down for the platform," he cried and vanished abashed behind the curtain of his Times, where his wife found him at luncheon.

"I hear that you have had quite a long chat with Mrs. Westmacott," said she.
"Yes, and I think that she is one of the most sensible women that I ever knew."

"Except on the woman's rights question, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good deal to say for herself on that also. In fact, mother, I have taken a platform ticket for her meeting."

CHAPTER VI. AN OLD STORY.

But this was not to be the only eventful conversation which Mrs. Westmacott held that day, nor was the admiral the only person in The Wilderness who was destined to find his opinions considerably changed. Two neighboring families, the Winslows from Anerley and the Gumbertons from Gypsy Hill, had been invited to tennis by Mrs. Westmacott, and the lawn was gay in the evening with the blazers of the young men and the bright dresses of the girls. To the older people sitting round in their wicker work garden chairs the darting, stooping, springing white figures, the sweep of skirts and twinkle of canvas shoes, the click of the rackets and sharp whiz of the balls, with the continual "fifteen love, fifteen all" of the marker, made up a merry and exhilarating scene. To see their sons and daughters so flushed and healthy and happy gave them also a reflected glow, and it was hard to say who had most pleasure from the game, those who played or those who watched.

Mrs. Westmacott had just finished a set when she caught a glimpse of Clara Walker sitting alone at the farther end of the ground. She ran down the court, cleared the net to the amazement of the visitors and seated herself beside her. Clara's reserved and refined nature shrank somewhat from the boisterous frankness and strange manners of the widow, and yet her feminine instinct told her that beneath all her peculiarities there lay much that was good and noble. She smiled up at her, therefore, and nodded a greeting.

"Why aren't you playing then? Don't, for goodness' sake, begin to be languid and young ladyish! When you give up active sports, you give up youth."

"I have played a set, Mrs. Westmacott."

"That's right, my dear." She tapped her upon the arm with her tennis racket. "I like you, my dear, and I am going to call you Clara. You are not as aggressive as I should wish, Clara, but still I like you very much. Self sacrifice is all very well, you know, but we have had rather too much of it on our side and should like to see a little on the other. What do you think of my nephew Charles?"

The question was so sudden and unexpected that Clara gave quite a jump in her chair. "I—I—I hardly ever have thought of your nephew Charles."

"No? Oh, you must think him well over, for I want to speak to you about him."

"To me? But why?"
"It seemed to me the most delicate. You see, Clara, the matter stands in this way. It is quite possible that I may soon find myself in a completely new sphere of life, which will involve fresh duties and make it impossible for me to keep up a household which Charles can share."

Clara stared. Did this mean that she was about to marry again? What else could it point to?

"Therefore Charles must have a household of his own. That is obvious. Now, I don't approve of bachelor establishments. Do you?"

"Really, Mrs. Westmacott, I have never thought of the matter."

"Oh, you little shy puss! Was there ever a girl who never thought of the matter? I think that a young man of six and twenty ought to be married."

Clara felt very uncomfortable. The awful thought had come upon her that this empress of the social world, who had been a proxy with a proposal of marriage. But how could that be? She had not spoken more than three or four times with her nephew and knew nothing more of him than he had told her on the evening before. It was impossible then. And yet what could his aunt mean by this discussion of his private affairs?

"Do you not think yourself," she persisted, "that a young man of six and twenty is better married?"

"Yes, yes. He has done so. But Charles is just a little shy, just a little slow in expressing himself. I thought

that I would pave the way for him and two women can arrange these things so much better. Men sometimes have a difficulty in making themselves clear."

"I really hardly follow you, Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara in despair.

"He has no profession, but he has nice tastes. He reads Browning every night. And he is most amazingly strong. When he was younger, we used to put on the gloves together, but I cannot persuade him to now, for he says he cannot play light enough. I should allow him £500, which should be enough at first."

"My dear Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara, "I assure you that I have not the least idea what it is that you are talking of."

"Do you think your sister Ida would have my nephew Charles?"

Her sister Ida! Quite a little thrill of relief and of pleasure ran through her at the thought. Ida and Charles Westmacott! She had never thought of it. And yet they had been a good deal together. They had played tennis. They had shared the tandem tricycle. Again came the thrill of joy, and close at its heels the cold questionings of conscience. Why this joy? What was the real source of it? Was it that deep down, somewhere pushed back in the black recesses of the soul, there was the thought lurking that if Charles prospered in his wooing then Harold Denver would still be free? How mean, how unmanly, how unmanly the thought! She crushed it down and thrust it aside, but still it would push up its wicked little head. She crimsoned with shame at her own baseness as she turned once more to her companion.

"I really do not know," she said.

"She is not engaged?"

"Not that I know of."

"You speak hesitatingly."

"Because I am not sure. But he may ask. She cannot but be flattered."

"Quite so. I tell him that it is the most practical compliment which a man can pay to a woman. He is a little shy, but when he sets himself to do it he will do it. He is very much in love with her, I assure you. These little lively people always do attract the slow and heavy ones, which is nature's device for the neutralizing of bores. But they are all going in. I think if you will allow me to tell him that, as far as you know, there is no positive obstacle in the way."

"As far as I know," Clara repeated as the widow moved away to where the players were grouped round the net or sauntering slowly toward the house. She rose to follow her, but her head was in a whirl with new thoughts, and she sat down again. Which would be best for Ida—Harold or Charles? She thought it over with as much solicitude as a mother who plans for her only child. Harold had seemed to her to be in many ways the noblest and best young man whom she had known. If ever she was to love a man, it would be such a man as that. But she must not think of herself. She had reason to believe that both of these men loved her sister. Which would be the best for her? But perhaps the matter was already decided. She could not forget the scrap of conversation which she had heard the night before, nor the secret which her sister had refused to confide to her. If Ida would not tell her, there was but one person who could. She raised her eyes, and there was Harold Denver standing before her.

"You were lost in your thoughts," said he, smiling. "I hope that they were pleasant ones."

"Oh, I was planning," said she, rising.

"It seems rather a waste of time, as a rule, for things have a way of working themselves out just as you least expect."

"What were you planning, then?"

"The future."

"Whose?"

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint futures?"

"I hope all our friends were included."

"Don't go in," said he as she began to move slowly toward the house. "I want to have a word. Let us stroll up and down the lawn. Perhaps you are cold. If you are, I could bring you out a shawl."

"Oh, no. I am not cold."

"I was speaking to your sister Ida last night."

"She noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice, and glancing up at his dark, clear cut face she saw that he was very grave. She felt that it was settled—that he had come to ask her for her sister's hand."

"She is a charming girl," said he after a pause.

"Indeed she is," cried Clara warmly. "And no one who has not lived with her and known her intimately can tell how charming and good she is. She is like a sunbeam in the house."

"No one who was not good could be absolutely happy, as she seems to be. Heaven's last gift, I think, is a mind so pure and a spirit so high that it is unable even to see what is impure and evil in the world around us. For as long as we can see it, how can we be truly happy?"

"She has a deeper side also. She does not turn it to the world, and it is not natural that she should, for she is very young. But she thinks and has aspirations of her own."

"You cannot admire her more than I do. Indeed, Miss Walker, I only ask to be brought into near relationship with her and to feel that there is a permanent bond between us."

"It had come at last. For a moment her heart was numbed within her, and then a flood of sisterly love carried all before it. Down with that dark thought which would still try to raise its unloved head! She turned to Harold with sparkling eyes and words of pleasure upon her lips.

"I should wish to be near and dear to both of you," said he as he took her hand. "I should wish Ida to be my sister and you my wife."

She said nothing. She only stood looking at him with parted lips and great, dark, questioning eyes. The lawn had vanished away, the sloping gardens, the brick villas, the darkening sky, with half a pale moon beginning to show over the chimney pots. All was gone, and she

was only conscious of a dark army pleading face, and of a voice far away, disconnected from herself, the voice of a man telling a woman how he loved her. He was unhappy, said the voice, his life was a void; there was but one thing that could save him; he had come to the parting of the ways; here lay happiness and honor and all that was high and noble; there lay the soul killing round, the lonely life, the base pursuit of money, the sordid, selfish aims. He needed but the hand of the woman that he loved to lead him into the better path.

And how he loved her his life would show. He loved her for her sweetness, for her womanliness, for her strength. He had need of her. Would she not come to him? And then of a sudden as she listened it came home to her that the man was Harold Denver, and that she was the woman, and that all God's work was very beautiful—the greenward beneath her feet, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke. She scarce knew what the broken words were, but she saw the light of joy shine out on his face, and her hand was still in his as they wandered amid the twilight. They said no more now, but only wandered and felt each other's presence. All was fresh around them, familiar and yet new, tinged with the beauty of their own new found happiness.

"Did you not know it before?" he asked.

"I did not dare to think it."

"What a mask of ice I must wear! How could a man feel as I have done without showing it? Your sister at least knew."

"Ida?"

"It was last night. She began to praise you, I said what I felt, and then in an instant it was all out."

"But what could you—that could you see in me? Oh, I do pray that you may not repent it!" The gentle heart was ruffled amid its joy by the thought of its own unworthiness.

"Repent it. I feel that I am a saved man. You do not know how degrading this city life is, how debasing, and yet how absorbing. Money forever clinks in your ear. You can think of nothing else. From the bottom of my heart I hate it, and yet how can I draw back without bringing grief to my dear old father? There was but one way in which I could defy the taint, and that was by having a home influence so pure and so high that it may brace me up against all that draws me down. I have felt that influence already. I know that when I am talking to you I am a better man. It is you who must go with me through life, or I must walk forever alone."

"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!" Still they wandered amid the darkening shadows, while one by one the stars peeped out in the blue-black sky above them. At last a chill night wind blew up from the east and brought them back to the realities of life.



"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!"

"You must go in. You will be cold."

"My father will wonder where I am. Shall I say anything to him?"

"If you like, my darling. Or I will in the morning. I must tell my mother to-night. I know how delighted she will be."

"I do hope so."

"Let me take you up the garden path. It is so dark. Your lamp is not lit yet. There is the window. Till tomorrow, then, dearest."

"Till tomorrow, Harold."

"My own darling!" He stooped, and their lips met for the first time. Then as she pushed open the folding windows she heard his quick firm step as it passed down the gravelled path. A lamp was lit as she entered the room, and there was Ida, dancing about like a mischievous little fairy, in front of her.

"And have you anything to tell me?" she asked, with a solemn face. Then suddenly throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "Oh, you dear, dear old Clara! I am so pleased. I am so pleased."

CHAPTER VII.

"VENT TANDUM FELICITAS."

It was just three days after the doctor and the admiral had congratulated each other upon the closer tie which was to unite their two families, and to turn their friendship into something even dearer and more intimate, that Miss Ida Walker received a letter which caused her some surprise and considerable amusement. It was dated from next door and was headed in by the red-headed page after breakfast.

"Dear Miss Ida," began this curious document and then relapsed suddenly into the third person. "Mr. Charles Westmacott hopes that he may have the extreme pleasure of a ride with Miss Ida Walker upon his tandem tricycle. Mr. Charles Westmacott will bring it round in half an hour. You in front. Yours very truly, Charles Westmacott."

The whole was written in a large, loose jointed, schoolboyish hand, very thin on the up strokes and thick on the down, as though care and pains had gone to the fashioning of it.

Strange as was the form the meaning was clear enough, so Ida hastened to her room and had hardly slipped on her light gray cycling dress when she saw the tandem with its large occupant at the door. He handed her up to her saddle with a

more solemn and anxious face than was usual with him, and a few moments later they were flying along the beautiful smooth suburban roads in the direction of Forest Hill. The great limbs of the athlete made the heavy machine spring and quiver with every stroke, while the mignon gray figure, with the laughing face and the golden curls blowing from under the little pink banded straw hat, simply held firmly to her perch and let the treadmill whirl round beneath her feet. Mile after mile they flew, the wind beating in her face, the trees dancing past in two long ranks on either side, until they had passed round Croydon and were approaching Norwood once more from the farther side.

"Aren't you tired?" she asked, glancing over her shoulder and turning toward him a little pink ear, fluffly golden curl, and one blue eye twinkling from the very corner of its lid.

"Not a bit! I am just getting my swing."

"Isn't it wonderful to be so strong? You always remind me of a steam engine."

"Why a steam engine?"

"Well, because it is so powerful and reliable and unreasoning. Well, I didn't mean that last, you know, but—but you know what I mean. What is the matter with you?"

"Why?"

"Because you have something on your mind. You have not laughed once."

He broke into a grewsome laugh. "I am quite jolly," said he.

"Oh, no, you are not. And why did you write me such a dreadfully silly letter?"

"There, now," he cried, "I was sure it was stiff. I said it was absurdly stiff."

"Then why write it?"

"It wasn't my own composition."

"Whose then? Your aunt's?"

"Oh, no. It was a person of the name of Slattery."

"Goodness! Who is he?"

"I knew it would come out. I felt that it would. You've heard of Slattery, the author?"

"Never."

"He is wonderful at expressing himself. He wrote a book called 'The Secret Solvent, or, Letter Writing Made Easy.' It gives you models of all sorts of letters."

Ida burst out laughing. "So you actually copied one?"

"It was to invite a young lady to a picnic, but I set to work and soon got it changed so that it would do very well. Slattery seems never to have asked any one to ride a tandem. But when I had written it, it seemed so dreadfully stiff that I had to put a little beginning and end of my own, which seemed to brighten it up a good deal."

"I thought there was something funny about the beginning and end."

"Did you? Fancy your noticing the difference in style. How quick you are! I am very slow at things like that. I ought to have been a woodman or gamekeeper or something. I was made on those lines, but I have found something now."

"What is that, then?"

"Ranching. I have a chum in Texas, and he says it is a rare life. I am to buy a share in his business. It is all in the open air—shooting and riding and sport. Would it—would it inconvenience you much, Ida, to come out there with me?"

Ida nearly fell off her perch in her amazement. The only words of which she could think were, "My goodness me!" so she said them.

"If it would not upset your plans or change your arrangements in any way," he had slowed down and let go of the steering handle, so that the great machine crawled aimlessly about from one side of the road to the other. "I know very well that I am not clever or anything of that sort, but still I would do all I can to make you very happy. Don't you think that in time you might come to like me a little better?"

Ida gave a cry of fright. "I won't like you if you run me against a brick wall," said she as the machine rasped up against the curb. "Do attend to the steering."

"Yes, I will. But tell me, Ida, whether you will come with me."

"Oh, I don't know. It's too absurd! How can we talk about such things when I cannot see you? You speak to the name of my neck, and then I have to twist my head round to answer."

"I know. That was why I put 'You in front' upon my letter. I thought that it would make it easier. But if you would prefer it I will stop the machine, and then you can sit round and talk about it."

"Good gracious!" cried Ida. "Fancy our sitting face to face on a motionless tricycle in the middle of the road and all the people looking out of their windows at us!"

"It would look rather funny, wouldn't it? Well, then suppose that we both get off and push the tandem along in front of us."

"Oh, no! This is better than that."

"Or I could carry the thing."

Ida burst out laughing. "That would be more absurd still."

"Then we will go quietly, and I will look out for the steering. I won't talk about it at all if you would rather not. But I really do love you very much, and you would make me happy if you came to Texas with me, and I think that perhaps after a time I could make you happy too."

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between the worlds, and he burst out in little blurt phrases all the hopes of his heart. If love had not come to her yet, there was at least pity and sympathy, which are nearly akin to it. Wonder there was also that one so weak and frail as she should shake this strong man so, should have the whole course of his life waiting for her decision. Her left hand was on the cushion at her side. He leaned forward and took it gently in his own. She did not try to draw it back from him.

"May I have it," said he, "for life?"

"Oh, do attend to your steering," said she, smiling round at him, "and don't say any more about this today. Please don't!"

"When shall I know, then?"

"Oh, tonight, tomorrow—I don't know. I must ask Clara. Talk about something else."

And they did talk about something else, but her left hand was still inclosed in his, and he knew, without asking again, that all was well.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHADOWS BEFORE.

Mrs. Westmacott's great meeting for the enfranchisement of woman had passed over, and it had been a triumphant success. All the maids and matrons of the southern suburbs had rallied at her summons; there was an influential platform, with Dr. Balthazar Walker in the chair, and Admiral Hay Denver among his more prominent supporters. One benighted male had come in from the outside darkness and had jeered from the farther end of the hall, but he had been called to order by the chair, petrified by indignant glances from the unenfranchised around him and finally escorted to the door by Charles Westmacott. Fiery resolutions were passed, to be forwarded to a large number of leading statesmen, and the meeting broke up with the conviction that a shrewd blow had been struck for the cause of woman.

But there was one woman at least to whom the meeting and all that was connected with it had brought anything but pleasure. Clara Walker watched with a heavy heart the friendship and close intimacy which had sprung up between her father and the widow. From week to week it had increased until no day ever passed without their being together. The coming meeting had been the excuse for these continual interviews, but now the meeting was over, and still the doctor would refer every point which rose to the judgment of his neighbor. He would talk, too, to his two daughters of her strength of character, her decisive mind, and of the necessity of their cultivating her acquaintance and following her example, until at last it had become his most common topic of conversation.

All this might have passed as merely the natural pleasure which an elderly man might take in the society of an intelligent and handsome woman, but there were other points which seemed to Clara to give it a deeper meaning. She could not forget that when Charles Westmacott had spoken to her one night he had alluded to the possibility of his aunt marrying again. He must have known or noticed something before he would speak upon such a subject. And then again Mrs. Westmacott had herself said that she hoped to change her style of living shortly and take over completely new duties. What could that mean except that she expected to marry? And whom? She seemed to see few friends outside their own little circle. She must have alluded to her father. It was a hateful thought, and yet it must be faced.

One evening the doctor had been rather late at his neighbor's. He used to go into the admiral's after dinner, but now he turned more frequently in the other direction. When he returned, Clara was sitting alone in the drawing room reading a magazine. She sprang up as he entered, pushed forward his chair and ran to fetch his slippers.

"You are looking a little pale, dear," he remarked.

"Oh, no, papa; I am very well."

"All well with Harold?"

"Yes. His partner, Mr. Pearson, is still away, and he is doing all the work."

"Well done. He is sure to succeed. Where is Ida?"

"In her room, I think."

"She was with Charles Westmacott on the lawn not very long ago. He seems very fond of her. He is not very bright, but I think he will make her a good husband."

"I am sure of it, papa. He is very manly and reliable."

"Yes, I should think that he is not the sort of man who goes wrong. There is nothing hidden about him. As to his brightness, it really does not matter, for his aunt, Mrs. Westmacott, is very rich—much richer than you would think from her style of living—and she has made him a handsome provision."

"I am glad of that."

"It is between ourselves. I am her trustee, and so I know something of her arrangements. And when are you going to marry, Clara?"

"Oh, papa, not for some time yet. We have not thought of a date."

"Well, really, I don't know that there is any reason for delay. He has a competence, and it increases yearly. As long as you are quite certain that your mind is made up!"

"Oh, papa?"

"Well, then, I really do not know why there should be any delay. And Ida, too, must be married within the next few months. Now, what I want to know is what I am to do when my two little companions run away from me." He spoke lightly, but his eyes were grave as he looked questioningly at his daughter.

"Dear papa, you shall not be alone. It will be years before Harold and I think of marrying, and when we do you must come and live with us."

"No, no, dear. I know that you mean what you say, but I have seen something of the world, and I know that such arrangements never answer. There cannot be two masters in a house, and yet at my age my freedom is very necessary to me."

"But you would be completely free."

"No, dear, you cannot be that if you</

MRS. STILLWELL AT THE SALVATION CAMP MEETING.

The Great Work of the Salvation Army in Leading Unfortunate Girls Into Better Ways—A Subject Deserving Attention From the Whole Public.

CAMP SALVATION, August 26.—The camp meeting of the Salvation Army at the Driving Park, had features of special interest last night. The audience was large and intelligent. The meeting opened with a brass band selection, and other exercises. Mrs. Major Stillwell, of Cleveland, delivered a short address on hidden lives, followed by a solo, "Rescue the Perishing," after which she took up her principal subject, "Rescue Work of the Army," which she handled in an instructive manner, giving information which the general public should possess.

"It is a well known fact," said she, "that we have a Rescue Home. Some people think it is a place to train officers for the field, but this is a great mistake. It is not to train people for the field, but a home for the poor, fallen girl, where she can be taught habits of industry and self-reliance. Is the home needed? We believe it is. There are hundreds of poor girls who would quit their sinful lives if they had a chance. The world does not give them a chance. A man may fall very low and it is not hard for him to get up, but for the poor girl who sins there is no way. Many look on her as though she cannot be saved, but this is wrong. We need the home because we have no place to take them. The girl comes to our meeting and is led to God; she goes out; she has no place to go but back to the same den of infamy, and the consequence is that she, having no chance, falls back into sin. But, thank God, we have a place in Cleveland, where we can care for those girls."

"It was established one year ago in March. The first officers were Captains Hoffman and Hopkins. The present officers are Captain Palmer and Lieutenant Tolbert and Thompson. We experienced a great deal of difficulty at starting. We had no money, but we raised money enough to pay six months' rent and we started. It is kept up by donations from those who are interested in the work. We receive many donation from sources that we would not expect. One saloon keeper gave a donation saying that he had helped to damn them and he would help to save them."

"How do we get these girls? Our officers go out on the streets between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock. They go to the haunts of these girls and find them on the streets or in dens of infamy, and talk to them and tell them what Jesus will do for them and induce them to leave their life of shame. We go into the saloons and the real traps of hell away after midnight. These places ought not to be open at this hour of night, but they are; sorry to say they are open at all hours of night."

"We go to them, some one who can sing and play will sing to these poor girls. 'The Waters of Jordan may Roll.' We win their respect and in many cases their love. We will not sing in a place unless they will let us pray. I never entered a saloon in my life until I came in the Army, and went in for Jesus sake, and oh how the hearts of these poor girls are touched by the kind words of our officers! Many ask, are not our officers insulted in these places? It may seem strange, but we are never insulted. The inmates (the women) protect us."

"We found a young girl under 16 years of age, who had gone so low that she was on the verge of taking her own life, but Capt. Finn came just in time to save her. She had been kept there for an attraction to draw in the people and when Captain Finn got her she had no clothes but a light Mother Hubbard dress and no hat, and in that garb the captain took her on the street car almost to the entire length of the city, but we got her thank God! In one year thirty-four girls have gone through our home, and we have only lost five of them. The statistics show that 65 per cent of them stand. Our home is not a prison. It is home. We do not lock our doors. We tell them this is a home not a prison, and we will not compel them to stay."

"The following is the manner in which our home is conducted: Rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, prepare for breakfast; at 8 o'clock for one hour, prayer; then they are taken to the work room, where they are variously employed for five or six hours each day. They are taught all kinds of fancy work. These articles are sold, and the proceeds go toward the expenses of the home. An officer keeps their minds off their old life by singing and playing for them during work hours, and each day they are taken separately and talked to about their souls."

"The first year meant considerable expense, but thanks to our many friends, we were able to pay all expenses and close with five dollars in the treasury. Not money alone is acceptable, but clothes or food. Have you those needing such help in Massillon? If so, nothing would please me better than to take one home with me tomorrow morning, or knowing such a one, notify the local officer, who will forward her to Cleveland, where we will meet her and conduct her to the home."

A collection was taken for the benefit of the home, when about \$9.50 was raised. Anyone wishing to donate to this work can either give it to the local officer or forward it to Mrs. Stillwell, 267 Kinsman street, Cleveland, O.

Brother Middleton then sang a solo, "Count the Blessings One by One," and we went into a prayer meeting and brought the meeting to a close.

"Think They Will Get It."

CRYSTAL SPRING, Aug. 26.—General Manager Woodford and Passenger Agent Terry, of the C. L. & W. road, stopped off at Crystal Spring, Thursday afternoon, to meet the residents who had petitioned them for a station at this place. They expressed surprise at finding that our town is so much larger than they had been led to suppose and seemed greatly impressed with the reasons submitted by the people in urging their claims for the station. The officials of course made no definite promises but said that they

would consider the matter and inform the residents of the Spring as to their intentions in the near future. From their evident satisfaction with the appearance of the town, however, we are greatly encouraged and believe that the station will soon be ours.

A DELIBERATE SUICIDE.

THE DROWNING OF ANNIE GREBER IN MEYER'S LAKE.

A Young West Brookfield Girl Secures a Boat, Afterwards Found Empty, Containing her Clothing and a Note—The Search for the Body.

Annie Greber, aged between 18 and 20 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Greber, of West Brookfield, is believed to have committed suicide late Friday afternoon by drowning herself in Meyer's lake. Miss Greber left her home just after dinner yesterday, stating that she was going to the house of Philip Smith, in Massillon, where she was formerly employed as a domestic. Instead of doing this, however, she boarded the 2:30 car and went to Meyer's Lake, where she immediately hired a boat and rowed about the lake. Her queer actions attracted considerable attention for some time. She rowed to the center of the lake, then putting down the oars stood up in the boat, gazing intently at the water.

She finally sat down again and rowed nearer shore. This convinced the watchers that nothing was wrong and nothing more was thought of the matter until several small boys reported that they had found a boat floating about the lake with only a few articles of apparel lying in the bottom.

The boat was drawn to the shore and found to contain the umbrella, gloves, shoes and hat of the girl who had hired it several hours previous. Suicide was suspected at once and a note was discovered pinned to the hat which read as follows:

"Send these things to West Brook-

field, O., my hat umbrella, gloves and pocketbook, to Miss B. Greber, West Brookfield, O."

No name was signed to the note. Coroner Conklin was at once notified and he in turn informed Dr. Gardner at Brookfield, who broke the sad news to the girls' parents. The coroner took charge of the articles found, and ordered a thorough search to be made for the body, which up to 12 o'clock today had not been found.

A sister of the drowned girl called on the coroner this morning and stated that they knew of nothing that would cause her sister to end her own life, unless her mind had been unbalanced by a fall she experienced while picking cherries several years ago. From another source it was learned that there had been some objection on the part of her parents to the late hours she had been keeping. Another evidence in favor of the premeditated suicide idea is that the note pinned upon the hat was pricked full of pin holes, showing that she had been meditating, and fully considered her last step before taking it.

When the objection to sitting up with the young man was made, the girl said that they would not object much more.

Until the body is recovered, there is a slight possibility that the suicide theory may be exploded. Not a few people think that she has chosen this method of disappearing from gaze, and will reappear in time. As to this, however, one opinion is as good as another. Miss Greber's character has always been above reproach, and all her acquaintances speak kindly of her. Her father is a wagon maker, in moderate circumstances.

Dr. J. F. Gardner, the Greber's family physician, said this morning that about five years ago Miss Greber fell from a cherry tree at Beach City, and sustained injuries from which she never fully recovered. She complained more or less of pains in her head, back and spinal cord, such complaints being indicative of both mental and bodily trouble. Dr. Gardner met the girl yesterday, at 1 o'clock, in front of Oberlin's hardware store, in Massillon. "Oh," said she, "I have such a pain in my shoulder. What shall I do?" "I'll be in my office in two hours," replied Dr. Gardner.

"Well, I'll not be out today," she answered, "I am going to Smith's. But I'll call and get some medicine tomorrow."

"I was greatly impressed with the sad look in the girl's face," Dr. Gardner added after repeating this incident. "It was what we speak of professionally as a hypocritical expression. There was a look of agony—something that would strike you at once. The next thing I heard, was the message of the coroner at 10:45, asking me to inform the girl's parents of her probable suicide. The body might sink to the bottom of the lake and remain two or three days before rising."

Just before going to press THE INDEPENDENT inquired by telephone of Coroner Conklin as to whether the body had been found, and received a negative reply. The search is still going on.

DOWN IN KENTUCKY.

A Letter from the Albert M. Wetter Mode Moral Circus

NEWPORT, Ky., Aug. 26.—The Albert M. Wetter shows exhibit here today, and are routed ahead as follows: Bellevue, Ky., 28; Dayton, Ky., 28; Columbia, O., 30; Madisonville, O., 31; New Richmond, September 1; Williamsburg, 2; Georgetown, 4; Bigginsport, 5; Ripley, 6

One of the Dayton papers paid this compliment to the Massillon exhibition:

"A really good, old fashioned circus struck town when Albert Wetter brought his performers and menagerie to this city. The show, which, as has been advertised, is on Third street, just west of the Miami river bridge, is a good one. The clowns sing and dance, and spring new jokes, which are side splitters. The Japanese are excellent performers, while the educated horses are among the best in the world. It will pay you to go and see it tonight."

Business has been good. The show will start on a route homeward on September 7.

Paper by the car load. That is the way THE INDEPENDENT buys it. It is circulation that counts.

A BAD COUNTRY FIRE.

From cause unknown fire secured headway in Michael Wagner's barn, on his farm, near the Leeper farm, on the plains, about 11 o'clock Wednesday morning. Mr. Wagner purchased this property of Daniel Smith last spring. It was late in the afternoon before the flames were extinguished and the damage reckoned.

The barn was totally destroyed, together with four valuable horses, crops of wheat and hay. The hog pen and all out buildings were burned, and also all the fencing on about 100 acres of land. The loss is estimated at fully \$5,000, with no insurance to relieve Mr. Wagner.

The hay amounted to 125 tons. The barn was 80 feet long by 40 feet wide. It is supposed that a C. O. & S. locomotive spark lodged on the barn and caused the fire.

THREE TONS OF COAL

Came Down on Edward Featheringill's Back.

(From Friday's Daily Edition)

A terrible accident occurred this morning at Krane coal mine No. 2, owned by the West Massillon Coal Company. Edward Featheringill, a young married man, aged about 26 years, was the victim. He was engaged in what is termed by miners "bearing in," and was on his knees with a mass of coal weighing about three tons hanging over his head. This heavy weight was only supported at one corner by a small post of the same material. The post gave way, and Featheringill was thrown on his face with a portion of the heavy mass on his back and right arm, almost burying him.

Other men were working near and they removed the weight from him as soon as possible, and after some delay got the injured man out of the mine. He was at once taken to his home in West Main street. His left side and chest were badly bruised, three ribs being broken, his left leg also broken, and the back of his head and right arm cut.

Dr. B. J. Miller, of West Brookfield, who attended the injured man, says that there are undoubtedly very serious internal injuries, but their extent cannot be determined until he recovers from the shock. Featheringill is a man of excellent character, and is a member of the Salvation Army, which body he united with about two months ago.

A Well Known Farmer.

John Ricksecker, one of the oldest and best known farmers in the county, died Friday at 7 o'clock at his home southeast of Navarre, where he has resided for over fifty years. Three months ago he was stricken with paralysis and another stroke followed about one week ago, ultimately causing his death. Mr. Ricksecker was nearly 80 years old. He was the father of David Ricksecker, of Navarre, and Mrs. Frank Hemperly, of Massillon, was his grand daughter. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

Mistaken.

The Viscountess Sherbrooke, wife of Robert Lowe, the well known English statesman, was a woman of strong character, and she challenged criticism in that she was in the habit of saying whatever came into her mind at the moment.

She had sense and courage, a heart and a head, and she bore a large part in her husband's public life.

One reporter ascribed to her shows that she was at least ready with loyalty of speech. The French ambassador one day said to her somewhat patronizingly:

"You know England is said to be a land of shopkeepers. I had no idea of finding there such great military displays."

"Ah," she replied, "the people of different countries do not understand each other. Now, I have actually been under the impression that the French were a great military nation!"—Youth's Companion.

A Talented Agent.

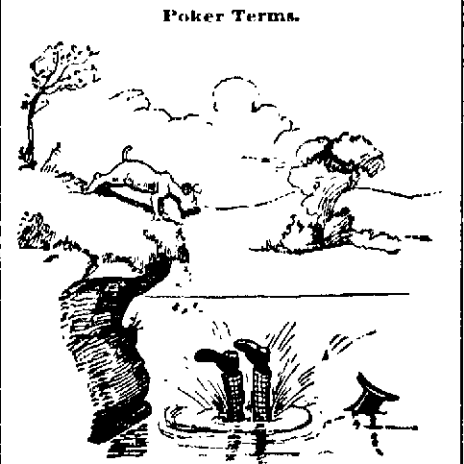
Mrs. Homesecker—You certainly don't expect anybody to take this house? Why, it sagsterrribly. The floors all run down hill.

Agent (a smart man)—It was built that way on purpose, mum, to keep peace in the family. Greatest invention of the age, mum.

Mrs. Homesecker—Keep peace in the family?

Agent—Yes, mum—nothing like it. Whenever your husband drops his collar buttons he'll always know where to find 'em.—New York Weekly.

Poker Terms.



"GOING IN."

A Passionate Yearning.

Mrs. Wearie—I just hate my husband's relatives, every one of them.

Mrs. Brightie—Oh, I just love my husband's relatives, I fairly dote on them and am almost dying to see them again.

"Where do they live?"

"In Chicago."—Exchange.

Two hundred German Baptists, excommunicants from Louisville, were stranded on a sandbar in the Ohio, where they remained all night.

Italian naval maneuverers have been finished. King Humbert and Prince George of Germany exchanged compliments at the subsequent banquet.

ALLEGED PERPETUAL MOTION.

Curious Machine of a Man Whose Name Is Not Yet Known to Fame.

(Special Correspondence.)
ST. PAUL, Aug. 24.—One of the most remarkable men of the century is at present residing in this city, and yet his name is unknown beyond mere local lines. I refer to Joseph Conday, a reserved man, a diffident one withal, who owes his obscurity to the fact that he prefers the quiet of his study to the tumult of a public career.

Mr. Conday was born in Buda-Pesth in 1840, and came with his parents to this country in 1851. The family settled in New York city, where the senior Conday died a few years later, bequeathing to his wife and only child—Joseph—a comfortable fortune.

Joseph was an eager student from his early years, and by the time he was 25 he could converse fluently in five languages—German, Italian, Spanish, English and French. He was also profoundly versed in mathematics, astronomy and geology, and could quote the best thoughts of the best thinkers in poetry and prose—his memory being simply phenomenal.

On the death of his mother in 1880, he returned to his Hungarian home, but came back to the United States in 1890, and since then he has devoted the whole of his time and attention to solving the problem of perpetual motion—a problem that the scientists are almost a unit in declaring to be insoluble.

I was introduced to Mr. Conday by a mutual friend one day recently and found him to be a tall, slender man of nervous mold, with severely classic features, bright, black eyes, black, wavy hair, a gentle smile and a most gracious mien.

After the conversation had drifted in a conventional channel for a spell I said, "I understand you are trying to demonstrate that perpetual motion can be realized."

"Yes, and I will soon startle the world with my discovery. It is very simple. The most remarkable thing connected with it is the fact that it was never thought of before—particularly in this electrical age. The savants have been teaching for centuries that perpetual motion was a dream and a delusion. This set me to thinking, and I soon saw the fallacy of their position—saw that since the primal planets were rolled into space until this day the whole solar system has been in perpetual motion—a motion as faithful and forceful now as it was in the beginning—if there ever was a beginning."

"The sun, the moon, Arcturus, Orion and all the immortal procession of the stars—aye, the very orb beneath our heels—have filed forward in their orbits without pausing once for the flight of a flying moment, for if there had been one stop or stay a universal cataclysm and chaos would have followed."

"The heat at the center of the earth is caused by electricity in perpetual motion. Electricity in perpetual motion permeates the universe. It is life. Let it cease and there will be rest—or death to all created things."

"Having realized this tremendous truth, I began studying electricity in all its forms and phases as far as it is comprehensible to the finite mind. I read all that has been written on the subject, and then I began to make original experiments. But come to my workshop, where I can explain more clearly."

I followed him to a little by street just west of the state capital building—followed him to the second floor of a modest brick building. In a front room, littered with all sorts of mechanical devices, was a long bench between two windows. On this bench was a round brass plate 10 feet in diameter and resting on four iron rods each 2 feet high. On the plate was a leaden globe, weighing at least 32 pounds, and this globe was spinning round and round in a groove at a rate that fairly made my eyes ache as I looked.

"Now," said Mr. Conday, "if you look more closely, you will see that this plate is divided all the way round the groove—the rim being upheld by these posts"—tapping the four rods of iron—"and the body of the plate being upheld by this iron shaft. If you look still more closely, you will see that this globe is circled by a narrow steel belt that slips as the globe makes its circuit—and that this belt is connected with the machinery under the plate"—pointing to a lot of pulleys, wheels, etc., that were whirling round and round at a rate that made my senses reel.

"That machine has been in perpetual motion day and night, night and day, since the hour I set it going, and that was on the 12th of May, 1892."

"What is the motive force?" I queried.

"Electricity."

"But how harnessed? Is the machine connected with?"

"It is connected with nothing. Watch!" and he lifted the instrument from the table. "Does it look like it was connected with some outside dynamo or anything else?"

I was forced to confess that it didn't. "But," I went on, "what then is the secret of its motion? I mean, what new principle in the application of electricity is here in force?"

"I am not at liberty to tell until I have secured a patent. I have interested several capitalists in the instrument, and we will be ready for business in due time. Then look out for a revolution in the industrial world—the greatest ever known."

I parted from Mr. Conday at his work-shop door, and as I went down to my hotel I pondered over the potentialities of this new discovery. I saw it usurping the place of all modern machinery and driving millions out of employment in almost every field of manual labor. But I consoled myself with the reflection that man uniformly manages to adjust himself to new conditions, whatever they may be, and that the new invention will open up new industries unthought of now.

WILLIAM H. BRADY-KERNS.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent, that of grain 120 per cent.

A SALT SEA BREEZE.

MUNIKITRICK'S SUMMERING DOWN AT SIASCONSET IN THE SEA.

The Humorist Has Found a Place After His Own Heart—There They Back a Railway Train Two Miles For \$2—Profits in Poetry.

(Special Correspondence.)
SIASCONSET, Mass., Aug. 24.—Most summer resorts are by the sea, but Siasconset is in the sea, about 50 miles from the mainland. In point of comfort it is far ahead of any place that is by the sea or on the lake. It is, strictly speaking, a place to rest and loaf in. Every one loafs here, because the air induces laziness in the same soothing way that it alleviates the pangs of hay fever. There are no land breezes here except those that come from the mainland, and they are sea breezes long before they reach this spot.

There are two hotels here which seem to be doing a good business, although they don't have brass bands and hops. But most people who summer here come every year and have their own cottages. Those who are not so fortunate as to own their houses usually rent a furnished cottage. There are cottages here, and very neat and comfortable ones at that, fully furnished from beds to chafing dishes, that may be had as low as \$120 for the entire season. In this way a family can live, and live well, for what it would cost a single person at one of the hotels. These houses are modeled after the fishermen's cabins, but are still one of the most picturesque features of Siasconset's primitive quaintness.

The bathing at this place is unsurpassed, and the beach perfectly safe. The bathing doesn't begin until July 1, but it continues until October. The water is so buoyant that the art of swimming is easily acquired, and floating is as easy as living on a sofa. I saw a man of 220 pounds standing in the sea the other day, perfectly still, and he said he could stand there all day without moving a muscle.

There is no end of fine drives and walks. Many people break the monotony of the day by driving over to Wauwinet, a pretty little settlement six miles distant consisting of a dozen houses and one hotel. At this place a fish dinner is served for 50 cents, and everything is very nice except the clam fritters, each one of which seems an inflated doughnut. The other day a man who saw this kind of clam fritter for the first time thought it was a new kind of cottage pudding, and requested the waiter to take it back and stuff it with hard sauce.

The summerers who do not care for driving delight in long walks over the lonely and desolate moors, which, despite their utter loneliness, have a peculiar charm of their own. They roll away toward Nantucket, as a man put it the other day, "in unadorned splendor."

The hills are dotted with sheep which afford a pastoral picture that no one ever forgets until one comes to the painful process of reaching into the pocket to pay 30 cents a pound for their chops, which is about the ruling price. Almost every other native was once a whaler. One man told me he went off on a five years' cruise and made \$80. He could probably have made as much if he had remained at home in the bosom of his family and devoted his time to writing poetry, but I didn't tell him so for fear he might be offended and think I was fabricating.

These whalers will tell you stories of the sea all day if you will but listen, and they really become more interested in them than you do. Just go into a crowd of these men and shout "Whales!" and their ears will prick up and they will seem animated with new life. You, verily, it is like shouting "Rats!" to a bull terrier. If you have hay fever or a rose cold, this is the place to bring it if you would breathe freely and have some rest of spirit and nostrils. I know a hay fever sufferer who came here last summer and had a splendid time. He went away in the autumn cured, as he supposed, and had hay fever half the winter in Baltimore.

Another feature of the place is the absence of mosquitoes. If mosquitoes are created in Siasconset, which I gravely doubt, they must emigrate to New Jersey as soon as they can take wings unto themselves and fly. But they have sheep ticks to keep the place from becoming too lonesome. These insects crawl up your trousers' legs when you go out on the moors for a walk, and keep on crawling until they come out under your collar, like so many musicians crawling from under the stage before the curtain rises. But for biting pure and simple the mosquito is as far ahead of a sheep tick as watermelon is ahead of a peach as a delicacy.

The people are very simple and honest here. I mean the natives. Such a thing as locking a door at night is unknown, and if you were to lay a bulging pocket-book in the road some one would find it and send it to you. And even as they are honest so are they obliging. It is a fact which probably the reader will discredit, that when the train had gone two miles out of Nantucket the other day it backed up a mile to oblige a man who had lost a \$2 bill out of the window. I don't know whether he found it or not, but if he didn't some one else will, and it will be handed to him next summer after he has forgotten all about it.

And in closing these brief remarks about Siasconset-in-the-Sea, I will say that the natives are very upright and conscientious, and can always be depended on. One old woman is in the Nantucket jail for beating her husband, and she is allowed to go out every day to practice her profession of washing. She returns at night, and as she is taken care of by the county while its guest, which she literally is, her earnings are clear gain. And in speaking of the conscientiousness of the Siasconsetters, I will repeat the observation of a local wit, who said:

"After awhile the Siasconset farmer will nail shingles all over his cowshed and keep the rain out of the milk."

R. K. MUNIKITRICK.

WHERE THE JOKE WAS.

The Parent Boat the Train, but He Was Too Late.

"Thanks," said the reverend doctor, taking the match and lighting the cigar. "This reminds me of another match. Did you ever travel on one of those branch line, independent, go-as-you-please railways? I did once, and the monotony was varied by a lovely accident. As we waited for the conductor at a station (he had stopped off to visit his family) a young couple came aboard in a hurry. Before long we learned that they had eloped and were bound for a Gretna Green just over the state line, where the law didn't call for a license and other delays in marrying. They were greatly flustered because the irate parent was in pursuit, but finally the train got away without the parent appearing. I say got away, and mean that it left the station but the station, you know, wasn't any kind of a racer."

"Finally the state line was passed and the long desired town reached, and as we all alighted who do you suppose appeared? None other than the irate parent. His patient mule had gone ahead, beaten the train, and there he stood (the parent, not the mule), a conquering hero, ready to intercept the two. We found he'd been waiting nearly 30 minutes."

"But, doctor," interrupted a listener, "why didn't you perform the ceremony on the train when you reached the state line?"

"I did," said the doctor quietly. "That was the joke on the parent."—Harper's Magazine.

An Humble Man.

The row did not attract general attention in the restaurant until the big man with the red face threw off his coat, slung his hat on the table and shouted:

"If you're lookin' for trouble, you bet ye can get it right here, an' I reckon I can hand it out to ye about as fast as ye can take it away!"

"But I'm not looking for trouble," protested the small man rather feebly.

"I don't want any trouble, I never!"

"Well, then you don't want to be makin' no breaks at me," persisted the big man, walking around the table and shaking his fist at the other. "fer I'll give ye trouble an' lots of it."

"But I don't want any. I—"

"The— you don't! I've got a good notion to give it to ye fer lookin'!"

"My dear s—," insisted the little man mildly, "I certainly never meant to give any offense. In fact, I am always very careful not to become engaged in any controversy. I—"

It was evident that he was becoming somewhat excited himself now. "I make it a study to avoid getting into any sort of difficulty, and so would you if you were in my place. I've just served five years in prison for killing a man in Wisconsin, and I don't want any more of it—truly, I don't."

And he looked up beseechingly at his would be antagonist, who seemed to regard him in a new light and agreed to "accept the apology."—Detroit Tribune.

Methodists dedicated a church at Shad-

low, Ills., Bishop Bowman officiating.

Many Catholics went on pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anthony in Butler, N. J. Citizens of Allegheny have commenced a vigorous crusade against questionable houses.

The Vienna enamel works at Chester, Ind., shut down, throwing out of employment 120 men.

The Louisville and Nashville depot at Addicksville, Ills., was entered by burglars who got only 13 cents.

Bud Vanness and Lot Abraham, who were injured in a steam thresher accident at Hendricks, Ia., are dead.

Henry Able was found dead on his farm, at Richmond, Ind. Heart failure is supposed to have been the cause.

William Alsop, who escaped from the Indiana penitentiary, was captured at Mount Vernon, Ind., by a constable.

"Snip" Donovan, who trained Tony and many other race horses, stabbed John Chew, his nephew, to death at Alton, Mo., Park.

Frank Severio, manager and foreman of the Metropolitan Match factory, San Francisco, shot and killed George Grissell, one of the employees.

Daniel P. Jones was killed by a traction engine at Edinburg, Pa. He got his hand in some eggs and his body was drawn in and mutilated.

NEED THE WARNING.

Do not think constantly giving in the shape of boils, pimples, eruptions, ulcers, etc. That the blood is contaminated, and some serious disease must be given to relieve the trouble. It is the remedy to force out these poisons, and enable you to

GET WELL.

I have had for years a humor in my blood. I made up my mind to shave, as small boils or eruptions would leave the shaving a constant annoyance. After taking three bottles of S.S.S. my face is all clear and smooth as a should be—appetite splendid, sleep well, and I feel like running a race all from the use of S.S.S.

CHAS. HEATON, 73 Laurel st. Phila. Treat

Consultation, ex-
every 28 days
BUS, O

